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GIVEN BY

Rev. Caleb D. Bradlee.





S E R M O N .



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PREACHED IN KING'S CHAPEL,

AUGUST 6, 1843,

THE SUNDAY AFTER THE FUNERAL

OF THE

4449.259

REV. F. W. P. GREENWOOD, D. D.

BY N. L. FROTHINGHAM,

MINISTER OF THE FIRST CHURCH.

BOSTON:

CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

MDCCCXLIII.

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BOSTON, August 10, 1843.

DEAR SIR,

The Vestry of King's Chapel, grateful to you for your faithful delineation of the character of the friend and pastor whose recent death they deplore, passed the following vote at a meeting held yesterday :—

“ *Voted*, That the thanks of the Vestry be presented to Rev. Dr. Frothingham for the interesting discourse he delivered on Sunday morning last, in which he commemorated with such fidelity, justice, and discrimination, the character and the virtues of the pastor whose death we lament, and whose memory we affectionately cherish, and that the wardens be instructed to ask of him a copy for the press.”

Permit us to express the hope that you will comply with the wish of the Vestry for the publication of your sermon, and thus add to the many and important favors you have conferred upon our society.

With great respect and esteem, your friends,

SAMUEL A. ELIOT, }  
GEORGE B. EMERSON, } *Wardens.*

REV. DR. FROTHINGHAM.



## S E R M O N .

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“WHEN I AM DEAD, THEN BURY ME IN THE SEPULCHRE WHEREIN THE  
MAN OF GOD IS BURIED.”—1 KINGS, xiii. 31.

A TOMB has been opened among you since we last assembled here for our usual services. A man of God has been laid in it. Let me call him so, and put some stress upon the title, and dwell upon it with a melancholy pleasure. It belongs to every good man who serves his Maker by serving his generation, and who walks humbly before Him, on whose hand we are all so dependent as we go through with our responsible and transient lives. But it belonged to him in an unusual measure. The late pastor of this church was of no ordinary stamp of goodness. His service was beyond the usual kind. His conversation with heaven was of



no common closeness and constancy. He fulfilled a holy office, of which he felt all the sacredness ; — that was sullied in nothing by being touched with his revering hands ; — to which few have been so deeply devoted, and in which few have been so tenderly beloved. Was he not a “ man of God ? ” But his “ sepulchre ” has been prepared by the decree of that sovereign wisdom, which he never questioned, and to which we with uncomplaining tears submit, and God has “ buried ” him. Gradually, for his strength wasted day by day, — and yet suddenly, for death is always sudden, — he sunk down under the pressure of a disease that was as stealthy as it was deadly ; and with all his faculties and affections about him, he departed out of our sight. A tranquil, constant spirit, that had long stood waiting, — and this he told you, when his venerable colleague died, was perhaps the most “ difficult post of duty, ” — he has at length found we know not how much more than his release.

But two days ago, his wasted form was brought here for the last religious offices, where he was wont to come in all the stages of his life ; where he worshipped as a boy, and I was a witness how seriously ; and where he preached the truths of the

divine gospel with a chaste zeal, and a clear reason, and a deeply moved spirit, and a pathetic sweetness, of which you all were the witnesses, and of which there are but rare examples. Alas, that his eloquent tongue must have been thus mute in the assembly of his people ! He was buried according to his own direction, given with his characteristic simplicity. There was found among his papers, not till the second day after his departure, one that bore the plain inscription, “ My Funeral.” With the even and sedate hand that corresponded well with the mind that dictated it, it enjoined that there should be no deviation from the common service of the church ; but expressed a preference that instead of the funeral hymn there might be the chanting of the psalm, which begins, “ The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,” and goes on with the devout confidence, “ though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,” and closes in an almost triumphant tone, “ I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever ; ” — that house which has many mansions, eternal in the heavens. Was not this as if he desired, in the immediate prospect of his dissolution, and even with his dead lips, to utter his sense of the experience

he had enjoyed of the divine goodness? "I would," it goes on, "that not a word should be said concerning what may be considered my character or deservings, at that solemn hour when in the house of God and presence of his holiness, my poor remains are waiting to be consigned to the earth. Let the voice of the church only be heard in those words, mostly from sacred scripture, which are used in our mother country impartially for prince and peasant, and which are certainly sufficient for me." That restriction is now taken off. I cannot stand in this shrouded pulpit, that has been his for these nineteen years, and not speak of him. These mournful draperies insist upon their subject. You have come to hear some feeble tribute to so strong a character and so dear a memory. Only let me speak with that sober regard to the unexaggerated truth, which was so fixed a principle in him. I should be afraid of offending his shade by a single word of indiscriminate eulogy, or rhetorical artifice, or overstrained description.

My mind returns to the affecting scene that was so lately presented in this house of your devotions. The eyes that you there saw closed had once a sensibility, more than is given to most men, to all



that was admirable in art and nature, to all the forms of sublimity and beauty, whether wrought by the hands of man or displayed in the universe of the Almighty. The heavens and the earth and the sea were objects of his careful study and unwearied delight. They were not to him a mere show and wonder. He did not look at them with a transient curiosity or a superficial pleasure, but with the vision of his highest sentiments, with a philosophic understanding and a devout heart. They were fraught with divine meanings for him. He loved to enrich his meditations with the thoughts that their varied spectacle was always revealing to his search. He endeavored to draw both knowledge and spiritual improvement from those pure sources;—the first if he could find the opportunity, and the last by all means. He took science with him when she was willing to come, and placed her on his left hand; but his religious feelings were his guides always, and led on at the right. His soul was engaged and affected by what he beheld among the minutest and the grandest of the works of his own Creator. And when he perceived any copies and distant imitations of what was done by that heavenly hand in the productions of human skill and

genius, when he gazed on the buildings and the monuments that are connected with patriotism or piety, that embody lofty conceptions or display virtuous impulses, he was touched with that also, and glowed with thankfulness to Him, who had given such an ability and such a disposition to his poor brother man. And what he thus saw, you know with what peculiar felicity he could describe. What he thus learned he was always ready in the most finished manner to communicate. His invalid state, which began so long as twenty-three years ago, while he was the youthful minister of another congregation, led him to seek for health in different parts of his own country, on the southern coasts of his mother land which he deeply venerated, and among the islands of a still warmer sea. Wherever he went, he carried the same spirit of observation and sensibility; he brought back new treasures of instruction for himself and others. The ocean by which he sailed he made to murmur in many ears beside his own with the praise of God. The cataract, whose mighty falls he contemplated with an emotion that would not let him be silent, he made to sound the same ascription within these very walls; and it was almost as good and elevating to

hear his lips tell of it as to listen to the deep hymn itself of those eternal waters. From the tropical skies, under which he dwelt for a few months, and where a languid frame would have seemed to conspire with the summer air to demand repose, his quiet diligence brought home something for his pulpit and something for his scientific friends; at the same time valuable contributions to Natural History, and lessons of a kind wisdom which none knew better than he how to recommend. I see him also on the seaside of Devonshire, gathering minute specimens from its beach, and worshipping in the humble chapel that looked but like a moss-covered cottage in contrast with the noble church of the establishment that reared its grey tower in the neighbourhood. His own expression to an eminent English divine was, that he loved it as “a sacred relic of men’s hands embowered in the green of nature;” and I read among his published pieces a sentence respecting it, which is too characteristic of his delicate and generous temper to allow of its omission. “I went there while I remained,” he says, “and should have done so had I remained till this time. I have no idea of deserting our friends, because they assemble under simple thatch, instead



of under groined stone ; — though I also think," he adds, " that I should have been cheerfully willing to pay my tithes, for the pleasure of looking at that old church, and walking through that old church-yard." Pardon me, my hearers, if I appear to have dwelt disproportionately long upon this part of the tastes and character of the friend we have lost. Could I have alluded to it at all, and said less ?

In reflecting upon his intellectual endowments and habits, one is struck with the singular combination that he presented of accuracy and discursiveness. He was a close critic and a patient investigator, and yet his imagination was one of the ruling lights of his mind. With that he beautifully illustrated the conclusions at which he arrived, and the facts that he discovered. He insisted everywhere upon the rigid truth, and then adorned it with the colours of an original invention and the charms of his rhetoric. He was studious of dates and details. He was willing to track small incidents, and disentangle complicated evidences, while at the same time that vivid inspiration was warm within him which naturally gives birth to verse and song. But these different elements knew their proper places among his meek faculties. They did

not interfere with one another. They were mutually helpful. His fancy did not abuse his reason. His reason did not chill his fancy. He kept them suitably related. He was remarkable for the clearness of his perceptions. What he saw he saw distinctly, and exhibited it as distinctly as it was seen. He loved history, with its sober and warning page. He loved, too, all the flowery fields of poetic enchantment. But his judgment was so grave as to be almost severe. It was not the language of passion that stirred or captivated him, but the tender strains of subdued feeling, the voice of harmonious wisdom, the utterances of a rapt but an upright soul. He was the enemy of all violence and exaggeration. He could bear with nothing that was unnatural, or unholy, or untrue. He kept his glance fixed upon the honest reality of things, with candour but with resolution ; and on no pretext was that to be tampered with or concealed. These qualities eminently fitted him to be the historian of this church to which he ministered. He was led to undertake the task by his taste for antiquity in its records as well as in its structures, and by the fondness that he always felt for this religious home of his childhood. He performed it in such a manner

as to leave it for no one who shall come after him to do it again and better. It seems to me a beautiful thing among the disposals of providence, that after his strength failed him under his labours in another place, and a threatening illness separated him from the service of a closely-attached people, he was permitted to return hither ; to preach the gospel of Christ with his manly powers, where he received the sign of its baptism upon his infant forehead ; and be laid here, at last, to be bewailed, where his youngest days had been instructed.

Shall I venture to speak, as if under a separate department, of the feelings, the sensitive nature, of your lamented pastor ? Certainly no one could, or ought, but with a reserved tongue. Nor should I, but that there seemed much that distinguished him in their character and expression. They united great strength and fervour with an extraordinary tranquillity. They were alive to every touch. They took an eager interest in whatever related to sacred principles or human welfare. They were full of harmonies with the surrounding world. They were quick to kindle or to melt, as anything occurred to rouse a righteous displeasure or to appeal to the softest sympathies. But yet they broke out into no



excess, and they sunk down into no weakness. You always found him prudent, measured, calm. A spirit of control seemed to be constantly upon him. It looked out from his thoughtful eyes, and impressed itself upon his whole demeanour. I do not remember him when he was easily moved to mirth, though he had a keen relish for all innocent joy; nor to anger, though he knew well how to resent and what to resent; nor to tears, though he was tenderly constructed, and made many tears start at the pathos of his affectionate word, while he kept his own below the brim of their fountain. And whence came this spirit of control? I think from a contemplative disposition, that had always made serious estimates of life and of the duties and objects of living; and that had been trained by the various discipline of a delicate if not a suffering frame, to look closely at the transientness of mortal things, and to feel the necessity of a curbed will, and to fix its trust upon the promises of God. He was penetrated with moral and religious persuasions, that were too habitual to be ever uneven, and too profound to show any tumultuous sign of themselves as they flowed on. He was eminently, though with the most silent modesty, a devout man.

Unconsciously and without effort he was so, as if a heavenly responsibility and hope were the breath of his nostrils. He lived in that undisturbed air. His faith was not a transient visiter, coming and going, visible at intervals, and noisy at the gate ; but it abode in him as a child of the house. It was this that so subdued him under each passing event, and prepared him constantly for every event that was to betide. From hence came the composure which was never indifference, that preserved him so steady under the attacks of an insidious disease, and made the years of his sinking strength and unruffled endeavours so many, and so useful, and so blessed as they were. His remarkable purity from the stain of this world must have been evident to all who enjoyed his intercourse. He seemed to stand aloof from every contamination. The thought of sin was a grief to him. I recollect hearing him, many years ago, discourse upon the beatitude of “the pure in heart,” and thinking, as I heard, that few were so likely as himself to inherit the blessing that he described, and to “see God.”

In his manners it was impossible not to mark the most entire plainness and frankness. They were so wanting in all artifice that a stranger might have

called them uncourtly. They were so free from sycophancy, as to seem sometimes hard. They were so restrained by the reflective habit of his mind as to appear sometimes cold. But these appearances vanished from him when one became no longer a stranger. There was a certain delicacy in all his sentiments, and a benevolence of heart, that would never suffer him to be harsh or insensible. His was a truly Christian urbanity. He did not profess more than he believed. He did not declare more than he felt. He did not show more than was real. He was not one to prefer a courtesy to a duty; though he observed, as the apostle has enjoined, the duty of being courteous. His look always matched his thought, and his word came straight from his conviction. Sincerity was bound visibly upon his open brow like a written phylactery. He had as little respect for subterfuges as he had occasion for any. Within was no guile. Without was no assumption. His communication was simple, direct, faithful, as his whole character was consistently grave and earnest.

In his opinions, he loved to be settled. He studied that there should be some fixture in them. He was unwilling to be doubtful. He would have been



unhappy to waver. He dreaded being carried about on any important subject as the wind prevailed. He sought to be assured. He set out his judgments carefully, and then allowed them to take their root. He was not anxious, like many, to disturb them continually in order to see if they were in a good condition. While he was candid and charitable towards the views of others, he held his own in unshaken honour. He was ready at all times to listen to any new arguments that might be brought against the justness of his belief; but he was not ready to be always putting it to the question as a suspicious thing. This would have been to render his belief no belief, but only a flickering assent or a flimsy conjecture. At least, he thought so. He wanted a foundation, and must have it; and he laid it with pains and circumspection, as that upon which he was to build his safety. The skeptical and the vacillating, and they who are easily caught by the show of some new thing, might have found fault with him here as too precise, perhaps as too pertinacious. But it was a demand of his nature to know where he stood, and to be able to stand confidently.

As a theologian, he was an independent but

humble inquirer. You might infer that he would be so from what has already been indicated as the character of his mind. He was a reverent searcher of the scriptures; a reverent observer of those works and providences of God which are "a part of his word." Reverence was one of the leading traits of his spirit. He never lost in the office of a teacher the feeling of a disciple. He sought nothing so assiduously as the truth. He prized nothing so highly as the truth. He loved nothing so well as the truth. He was willing to follow it wherever it led. He did not care to count what it might cost. He was thoroughly persuaded of the inestimable value of the religious views that he had embraced. He recommended them with a solemn ardour. His preference was for the "old paths." Novelties in religion had no attraction for him. He venerated the sacred bequests of the generations that have gone before us. Though not servile to antiquity, he saw more and more in it as he grew older to win his respect and to meet his sympathies. He rejected nothing with a quicker or a more offended determination than the modern refinements and latitudes, that with a parade of spirituality scoff at ancient forms and outward tes-

timonies, and with the prate of freedom do what they can to break off the yoke of a gospel belief. He was firmly conservative. He shrunk from the skeptical tendencies of the age. He hoped for nothing good, he anticipated only the most disastrous evils, from the pretended religious philosophies of fashionable innovation. His doctrine he connected rigorously with what he found in his Bible ; with its historians and prophets and apostles, and above all with the inspired authority of the Saviour himself, who is "the head over all things to the church." From the holy volume, and not from his own conjecture or fancy, he drew the arguments with which he would impress others, and the lessons by which he would educate himself. To the Liturgy of this church, and to the faith which for these so many years has been inculcated within its walls, his attachment constantly increased till the day when every tie that attached him to the earth was severed. But the faith of our friend did not chiefly delight in definitions or dogmas of any kind. He was solicitous rather about its genuine fruits. His was eminently a faith of the affections. It nourished his sensibilities more than it encouraged his speculations. Though he distinguished himself



as a controversial writer, taking an active part with those among us who have vindicated the claims of a liberal theology, yet it was from no pride of opinion or fondness for debate, but because he saw that this theology and they who held it were assailed with the bitterest uncharitableness ; and because it was dear to him, as he conceived it to be the true interpretation of “the mind of Christ,” and the most favorable to the virtue and happiness of mankind. For his own part, he loved to look away beyond all the divisions that keep men’s kindness from one another, — to repose upon his own peaceful persuasions, to believe with his heart.

It remains that I should speak of him as a preacher of God’s word. This might seem unnecessary for you, who have been favoured with abundantly more opportunities of knowing him in this relation than any other persons, and almost presumptuous in me who heard him comparatively seldom. Yet the sketch must be made, even if with but few imperfect touches. The pulpit was the high field of his faithful labours ; may I not add, of his holy renown ? With what a meek grace, what a beautiful simplicity, what a deep seriousness upon his expressive face, he stood up here and else-

where and spoke for his Master ! His voice was richly musical, breathing out as from the soul ; his look saintly ; his manner fervidly collected ; his word full of calm power. While he was yet a young man his aspect seemed venerable. It grew more apostolic, when the thin features grew thinner, and the touch of time was upon the locks of his hair. And when the progress of disease had enfeebled and altered the tones of his speech, still as before, and more than ever, they stole the attention of all classes of minds, and went to the heart of every hearer. His topics were various, and each was treated with its becoming method. He was no vague writer. He did not deal in abstractions and unaffecting generalities. He had always a purpose in view, and he moved distinctly towards it. In the discussion of moral points he showed a nice discernment. He qualified, as he went on, what needed to be set in its just proportions. There was no indiscriminate assertion. There was no empty declamation. He reasoned with ability. He interpreted with good sense. He described with the most skilful hand. But it was in tender and persuasive representations that he most excelled. These were the most congenial with the cast of his

reflections, and one must be of a stern nature that could have heard him at such times and remained unmoved. His style of discourse was called a plain one by many. But this could only be because it was so easily understood. It was essentially poetical ; figurative in an unusual degree ; and though always chaste, abounding with the highest forms of eloquence. It was suited in each several instance to its end. It was never out of place. It was the more clear and not the less so for its ornament. He taught the more effectually by the exquisite mastery that he thus displayed of the language in which he wrote. His "Sermons to Children," have interested many other young persons than they to whom they were first addressed. His "Sermons of Consolation" have gone from this public desk, and from the preparations of his sick room, into hundreds of sorrowful chambers, assuaging the griefs and lifting up the souls of those who mourned there in secret. His mind, — or rather his spirit, — unimpaired by the decay of the body, never hurried and seldom perturbed, accomplished more in this department of ministerial labor than is often done by the most industrious, with all the advantages of their full vigour.



But, brethren, most of the things of which I have been attempting to speak are now only memories. That voice is silent. That countenance we shall no more see. That form after its long languishing is laid to rest. Never was a tedious decline endured with more perfect patience, more sustaining trust. His last days were not among the least instructive of his life. It was good to converse with his prepared soul. It is good to reflect how peacefully it passed away to God. We read of Stephen the first martyr, that when he confronted his tormentors, "his face was as it had been the face of an angel." Shall I confess that the passage was suggested to me more than once when, under the slower martyrdom of the malady that was exhausting his life he seemed to be already looking towards heaven, and inwardly saying, "Receive my spirit" whenever it shall be summoned away!

"When I am dead, then bury me in the sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried." The question is often asked, with some curiosity, or some uneasiness, Where shall I be buried? An idle question. Of what consequence where? No baneful thing can then harm us. No healing thing can then help us. The desert is no exposure, and the

carved monument is no defence. Neighbourhood is of no importance where all is but dust. The deep pits of the sea shall give up their dead at the call of God as easily as the shallowest grave. The Roman emperor, entombed in the air upon the column of his victories, was not so near to the skies as the poor Christian whom he had permitted to be slain for the Redeemer's sake. Of what consequence in what place, when the fragrance of the earth, and the rays of the sun, and the music of the stream and the air are alike unheeded? But let me be buried in the moral fellowship of righteous souls. Let me be buried in the affections of them I love. Let me be buried in the memory of those who will honour mine. Let me be buried in faith towards the Heavenly Father, in charity with the world, and in hope of the Life Everlasting.























































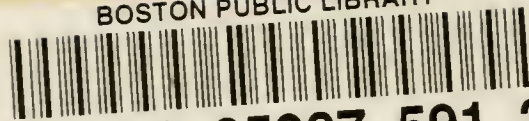








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